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It's another one of the many, many, many, Etc. Zombie stories.



42 4 4

Chapter 1 by Cat4055

The apocalypse is beginning. They're coming for me and they will stop for nothing to have me in their clutches. I hear them all day and all night. Their groaning and moaning have everyone on the run, except me because I know that if I walk out the door they will be on top of me in seconds. All I'm able to do is sit on my couch and wait for the day that the zombies will break down my door and take me away.

Chapter 2 by Sum1OnSteam



I grab a warm fanta sitting in my non-functional mini fridge. The door to the fridge falls off. How ironic, sitting here waiting for my actual door to fall down, and the fridge door dis the first to go. It was a rusty piece of crud anyways.

Chapter 3 by Laura Frost



I am running out of food. I didn't think it would take this long to break my front door. I only have vegetables that my mom brought over last week.

Maybe there is more food in the basement

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I walk downstairs, looking
would be. My eyes land on
I go over and open it, and there it is

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now why I thought there

An ax.

My great grandfather's ax.

Write a draft for chapter 4 of 8

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